

And they were neighbors (Oh my god they were neighbors) by OurLadyofPerpetualWallflowers

Series: [And They Were Neighbors \(Series\)](#) [1]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: AU, Accidental Voyeurism, Alternate Universe - Neighbors, Billy has a filthy mouth, Billy just wants Steve, Dirty Talk, M/M, Masturbation, Sex Toys, Steve just wants to sleep, of a fashion

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-04-16

Updated: 2018-04-16

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:41:23

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 765

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Steve is tired and just wants the guy in the next apartment to turn his music down. When he obliges, Steve gets a whole different soundtrack that he wasn't expecting.

And they were neighbors (Oh my god they were neighbors)

Author's Note:

I wrote this based on a prompt from the DailyAU tumblr when I should have been writing an analysis of Cuba's economy. I hope you guys appreciate this because my GPA probably won't.

Steve's officially had it.

He's just trying to sleep, *damn it*, and the asshole in C34 is blaring that *atrocious* excuse for music *again*, like he's the sole person in the entire building, and sure, maybe all the other neighbors Steve's met so far are about eighty-five and couldn't hear anything if the stereo was right next to them but that does not give the blonde guy in C34 any excuse to-

"-ACT LIKE YOU OWN THE WHOLE BUILDING, FOR FUCK'S SAKE, TURN. IT. DOWN!" Steve's fist bangs on the door with each word, the other tightly clenched, holding his robe together as he seethes in the hallway. C34 doesn't come to the door, of course, because god forbid he apologize for disturbing anybody, but the music cuts off or at least drops to a level that he can't hear anymore so he lets it go.

Because Steve's a considerate neighbor. Unlike some people.

He trudges back to his own door a few scant feet away and slams the door before stumbling back to his bed and throwing himself facedown onto it with a sigh, the frame making a faint groan.

Except the bed groans again, longer this time, and sleep is suddenly the last thing on Steve's mind. A number of thoughts flash through his brain; robbers, stalkers, that he accidentally went into the wrong apartment, monsters, and then-

"Mmmm, fuck."

"Oh no." Steve whispers as he listens intently, heart pounding as he

desperately tries not to confirm what he thinks he's hearing. "Please don't be doing what I think you're doing."

Another groan, bitten off this time, and more cursing. Steve wants to die right here in his boxers because that's one thousand times preferable to laying here listening to his neighbor jerk off as loudly as if he was in the bed with him.

"Oh, oh, fuuuuck, that's big, ohhhh Jesus, yes."

Steve gulps. He knows C34 is alone because they'd come up the elevator together like they did every Thursday. Steve's never cared enough to figure out why, work shifts aligning or something, but that means that C34 is not only jerking off, but using toys and that-that's hot.

"Yeah, come on, give me that dick."

Steve's blushing furiously, staring at the pile of dirty laundry that he's let build up, hands tangled in the sheets as he refuses to let himself touch his cock where it's very interested in the show he's listening to.

It's not like he's never thought about C34 before. The guy's built like a brick house, with tanned skin and golden curls that rightfully belong in a movie about gladiators and not on someone renting a studio apartment in Chicago. Steve's comfortably bi and had described C34 to Nance as the origin of the phrase 'climb him like a tree' but that body came with a terrible attitude and a tendency to ignore Steve like it was his job so the attraction had passed easily. But now...

"God, feels so good, so thick."

Now, Steve's getting the soundtrack to go with anything he can imagine. Broad shoulders spread across his blue sheets as he leaned over the guy, thick thighs hooked over his hips, ankles locked around his back as he thrust into that perfect ass.

"Ah yeah, that's it. Come on, fuck me baby."

The guy would be pushing him along, not patient but demanding, fucking himself on Steve's cock, slamming their hips together until it

bruised.

"Fuck! Right there, right there, ah, ah shit!"

Steve would be driving into him, holding his hands so he couldn't touch himself, grinning at the blonde's frustration but he'd come on Steve's dick or he wouldn't come at all.

"Oh fuck, oh please, please, fuck."

Steve would fuck him through it, would keep snapping his hips until he begged him to stop, until he whined-

"Ah, ah, I'm gonna come, I'm gonna-"

-until he was so sensitive that he was crying and then Steve would pull out-

"fuck yes-"

-would get a hand on himself and stroke until he was shooting his load all over that tanned skin.

"Yes, yes, yes-"

Steve came with a quiet groan that was completely lost in the keening coming from the other apartment as C34 came with him. Steve lay there panting, legs twitching from the force of his orgasm. A sudden knock on the wall by his head made him start in surprise and then a barely muffled voice came through.

"For the record, pretty boy, the door was unlocked. Maybe next time you should come turn the music down yourself."